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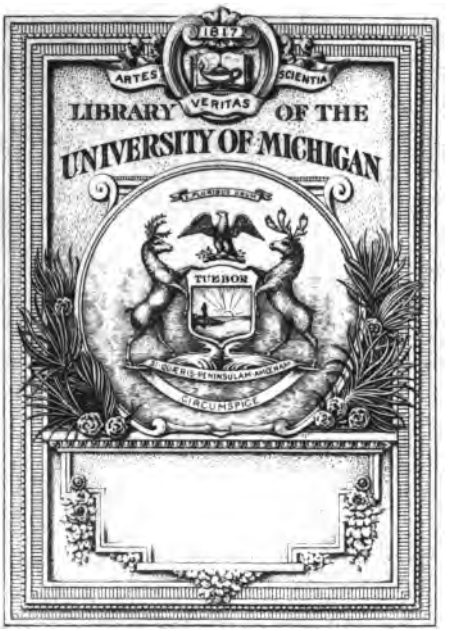
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By Samuel Butler

THE LOYAL SATYRIST, OR, HUDIBRAS IN PROSE.

Written by an unknown Hand in the time of the late Rebellion. But never till now publiſhed.

Si Cato reddatur, Cæſareanus erit.

LONDON,
Printed for *Joſ. Hindmarſh* at the Sign of the Black Bull near the Royal Exchange in *Cornhill.* 1682.

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Mercurius Menippeus:

OR, THE

LOYAL SATYRIST.

SInce the Liberty of the Subject, and Free-Quarter; ſince New Lights, and Selling Malignants by an inch of Candle, the World hath produced *Mercuries* as faſt as *Darby-Houſe* ſpawn'd Committees, or Committees ſtarted Delinquents. For why do *Weſtminſter-Abbey* Lubbers ſit ſo long, but onely to have their Pictures drawn? But yet no Ink could repreſent them black enough. The fitteſt Emblem of the Parliament Houſe, is a Turky-Pie, the Heads without will inform you what Birds are within.

But alas, poor Infants! We muſt be whipt, and yet not have leave to cry: Kiſs the Rod that ſcourged you. Women in ſome Countries never love their Husbands till they be well beaten by them;

and certainly our REFORMERS would have us as good natur'd as their Spaniels. And indeed, to what purpoſe is Hue and Crie ſent after a Troop of Horſe? 'Twere ridiculous for a Conſtable to charge the Peace upon *Cromwel*, or make privy ſearch into *Lental's* Exchequer, eſpecially ſince the Kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedæmonian* State. For when *Lilburn* was *Lycurgus*, Plundering muſt needs be Statutable. What other Laws can we expect from him and *Newgate*? Felony already is a Crime onely in ſome filly Wretches, who are hang'd for it; but Parricides are ſtill above the reach of Juſtice. While two Armies murther, and impriſon, an honeſt man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a Drum. As if in a Country of *Cannibals*, a poor innocent Cutler ſhould be hanged for grinding a Stilletto. Pillories are more cruel than Scaffolds, or perhaps *Prin's* Ears were larger than my Lord of *Canterburie's* Head.

But Lord! to what an height were May-Poles grown? And could they be reformed without Sequeſtration and Excize? Nay, the Primitive Zeal had almoſt melted the Bells, and made them ring backwards for themſelves. A Pſalm of Mercy is even denied the Chimes, and maſculine *Tom* of *Lincoln* muſt be gelded into a Roaring *Meg*. Roundheads and Atheiſts hate Superſtition, onely CROMWEL and the DEVIL are afraid of Croſſes.

'Tis

'Tis well Churches ſurvived thus long; for ſince my Lord *Brook*'s Groom and Couch man propagated the Goſpel, Chriſtians were born in Stables onely. So *Job* came to be a Saint, but upon a Dunghil. And why may not a ſanctified Whipſter be a Heaven-driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Harvey* Biſhops? Who would have thought that Snaphaunches and Baskethilts were of Apoſtolick Inſtitution? or that Buff and Feather were *Jure Divino*? *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge Inmates, but Apparitions and Goblins. Thus have Chriſtian Churches been converted into *Turkiſh* Moſques, and Abbies have been made Neſts for Rooks and Daws. The Devil is an Enemy to all Hierarchy, and therefore Holy-days muſt be aboliſhed, and ſo farewel Saints and Angels. All renounce *Whitſuntide*, and yet boaſt the Holy Ghoſt. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquiſhed by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is ſubdued by another Devil. *Time*'s Sith was turned into a Saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect Roundhead. But an Execution muſt have ſome Reprieve. All ſtickle for their *Powder-Treaſon*: The Prentices reſcue *Shrove-Tueſday*, and the Siſters muſt be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other Obſervations? They can feaſt themſelves without a *Chriſtmaſs*, and ſtarve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Fridays* and welcome Monthly Faſts,

Faſts; adieu Idolaters, and wellcome New Moons. This ſtill Sow hath devoured more than all the Biſhops Hoſpitality. Their Idol-Humiliation, like *Bell*, conſumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their too much Faſting hath made them Cannibals. They can ſay Grace over Mummy, and give Thanks for my Lord of *Straffford*. As if they had abſtained onely, as Beaſts tied up, that they might devour poor Martyrs more greedily ſavagely. Nay they eat up one another. Both the *Hothams*, like two Thieves, wait upon their crucified *Biſhop*. The Parliament, like *Sejanus*, is deſtruction both to their Friends and Enemies. My Lord *Brook*'s New Light at laſt blinded him: He was firſt made a Mole, and then earth'd: A fit end for the Underminers of a State! *Lucas* and *Liſle* were both revenged, ſince the Vice-Admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled. For as he was regenerate, ſo he died twice. 'Tis thought his Sea-ſickneſs purged the better half away: The Haddocks had as good a Breakfaſt as the Worms. *Craſſus* built a Sepulchre to his deceaſed Lamprey: And what was all this Funeral Pomp dedicated to, but an Otter? To be Mourners at the Death of a Water-Rat, is a vanity beyond being Maudlin Drunk. Why all theſe ridiculous Attendants? A ſingle Sculler is good enough to carry a Dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild Gang is exceeded every Execution day. We ſee a fuller Appearance at *Newgate*. The Worthy was but two Wheels above

above an ordinary Villain and differed onely in the blackneſs of his Soul, and his Wardrobe.

And moſt of the Heroes are ſuch twiſted pieces, one knows not from which part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alchoran* writes Prophets, others think Impoſtors. The Devil will ſtill be Black, though the *Indians* paint him White. All their Patrons die, like *John Huſs*, both Hereticks and Saints; nor can we diſcern, whether 'tis a Martyr or a Witch that burns. My Lord *Say*'s Sanctity is ſomewhat like his Son *Nat*—'s Valour. The Jewel hath too much of *Briſtol* in it. The Dog in the *Tower*, though proof againſt Lions, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly thing is the Sign of the Hand Bible! What a devout company of Saints are *Rebecca*, her Book, her Pattens and her Stool? For all muſt together: Nor would you think her going to Church, but removing Houſe. I wonder ſhe is never apprehended for carrying Burthens upon the *Sabbath day*. Well, this Coif and Croſs cloth, this Blew Apron'd Saint, is as much in the Church as the Parſon's Hour-Glaſs, the Haſſocks, or the People that are buried there. Nor will ſhe tire with a ſingle Hearing, but trudge from *Tantlin's* to *Tellin's*, and hold out killing of a Brace or two; and all long Courſes. Thus are they carried from Ordinance to Ordinance, like Beggars from one Church to another, that they may ply at both places.

And what are their *Levites* but their *Friars Mendicant* for both the Houſes? Not a Sunday ſince the Combuſtion paſt without a Brief. How oft have they picked our Pockets with the Relief of *Ireland*? This Knack has been as beneficial as their Plundering. As much hath been gotten by a *Good your Worſhip*, as by a *Stand and Deliver*. We could never get out of the Church without a Compoſition: The Parſon's Application was certainly directed to our Purſe: Every Motive ſtrained our Pockets, and the laſt Uſe was an Uſe of Sequeſtration. See how the Pulpit-Duelliſt fights with *Bellarmine*, how he ſweats and toyls, plays out all his Weapons, and (you may be ſure) hath got the better; but after with an Addreſs to the Spectators to throw him ſome money.

Well, Who's for *Aldermanbury*? You would think a Phœnix preached there, but that Birds will flock after an Owl as faſt. And a Football in cold Weather is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant Dog-day Zealots. But 'tis worth the Crouding to hear the Baboon Expound, like the Ape taught to play on the Cittern. You would think the Church as well as Religion were inver'd, and the Anticks, which were uſed to be without, were removed into the Pulpit. Yet theſe Apiſh Tricks muſt be the motions of the Spirit, his Whimſie-Meagrim muſt be an Ecſtaſie;

and

and Dr. G. his Palſey make him the Father of the Sanctified Shakers. Thus among *Turks*, Dizzineſs is a Divine Trance; Changlings and Ideots are the chiefeſt Saints; and 'tis the greateſt ſign of Revelation, to be out of ones Wits.

Inſtead of a dumb Shew, enter the Sermon Dawbers. O what a gracious ſight is a Silver Ink-horn! How bleſſed a Gift is it to write Short-hand! What neceſſary Implements for a Saint are Cotton, Wool and Blotting-Paper? Theſe Dablers turn the Church into a Scrivener's Shop. A Country Fellow laſt Term miſtook it for the *Six-Clerks-Office*. The Parſon looks like an Offender upon the Scaffold, and they penning his Confeſſion, or a Spirit conjured up by their uncouth Characters. By his Cloak you would take him for the Prologue to a Play; but his Sermon, by the length of it ſhould be a Tailor's Bill, and what treats it of, but ſuch Buckram, Fuſtian Stuff? What a deſperate Green-ſickneſs is the Land fallen into, thus to doat on Coals, and Dirt, and ſuch Rubbiſh Divinity? Muſt the *French* Cook our Sermons too? And are Frogs, Fungos and Toad-ſtools the chiefeſt Diſh in a Spiritual Collation? Strange *Iſraelites!* that cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt Mildew, and Manna. Certainly in the brighteſt Sunſhine of the Goſpel, Clouds are the beſt Guides, and Woodcocks are the onely Birds of Paradiſe. I wonder how the ignorant *Rabbies* ſhould differ

ſo much, ſince moſt of their Libraries conſiſt onely of a *Concordance*. The Wiſemens Star doubtleſs was an *Ignis Fatuus* in a Church yard, and it was ſome ſuch *Will o'th' Wiſp* ſteered prophetical *Saltmarſh*, when riding Poſt to Heaven, he loſt his way in a Foreſt. Indeed their rare Gifts have one property of the Spirit, to be Inviſible, and ſo much of Revelation, as not to be underſtood; like the Muſick of the Spheres, which never was heard.

But Cyphers may make an Aſſembly, though no Number: And what can we expect from an A B C Synod, but a Catechiſm? *Mount Sion* hath at laſt brought forth a Mouſe, though it was long enough in Spawning to have been an Elephant. They have Reformation *Pauls* work, and O may they have the Scaffolds for their Pains! For what have they given us for Lawn-ſleeves but Sackcloth and Miſery? Inſtead of Liturgies they have brought upon us all thoſe Afflictions, we there prayed againſt. The Church, while beautiful, was the *Whore of Babylon*. Their Zeal was never hot enough, till it had ſcorched them into *Blackamores*. Too much fair Weather, forſooth, had almoſt ſtarved us. Seven years purging would kill an *Hercules*. To be always ſnuffing, muſt at laſt put out the Light. And what can be pure enough with them, that dare Article the Creed, and attempt to Reform the Apoſtles? Theſe will ſhrive the whole *Bible*, and have interpreted *Our Father, &c.*

ſo

ſo long backwards, that they have made ſome believe 'twas Conjuring. The Synod was the Parliaments Spiritual Block-houſe, and the Prolocutor was the Speaker's Echo. All the Divines, like Prieſts of old, were inſpired from Vaults, and the Lower Houſe.

Oh! How ſweetly did the Syren-Repreſentative ſing at firſt? How quickly it brought forth deſtruction, and proved a Monſter? *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five years, and this Butter-print Parliament was Gold in the Morning, and Lead at Night. For what have our precious States done, but cured and ſmothered little Diſeaſes with the Plague? They have redreſſed the *Counter*, and by all their Reformations, made the Kingdom at laſt truly to want a Reformation. But Vengeance overtook them, and by ſpinning backward they have made Ropes for their own Necks. Silly Conjurers! who have raiſed a Devil, and now cannot lay him. The Leaſe of your Dominion is out. Face about! Now the Fiend muſt be Maſter. Thus ſhall Anarchy revenge the King, and Conventicles puniſh the Synods Sacrilege. Lice and Frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Iſraelites*.

Who would have thought that there ſhould have been a Reformation beyond Root and Branch? Or that there ſhould be ſuch antipathy between a Spider and a Toad? Souldiers are omnipotent in Uncreating

creating and Deſtruction. This *April* (they ſay) ſhall diſſolve a Triennial Parliament, adjourn Eternity, and put an end to Perpetuity. *Cromwel* hath Wolves enough to ſilence the *Speaker*, and make *Lental* a dumb Dog. Alas, poor *Directory!* Thou muſt give up the Ghoſt too, the Spirit muſt the way of all Fleſh. Now Law it ſelf muſt be arraigned, and the new Judges to Execution. What a fine humour would it be to ſee *Wild Burleigh'd* by a Drum and Souldiers? And *Rolls* Coach it up *Holborn* inſtead of *Fleetſtreet*? O! That they may have their Coifs all turned into Night-caps, and inſtead of old Women become proper Men. Since the Members Regent were in durance, the Two Houſes look like the Repreſentations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the diſtinction of Upper and Lower? *Cromwel* will ſerve both for King of Hell, and Prince of the Air. *Warwick* for all his juggling, may perhaps ſuffer Shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a Leveller, he fettered the Sea; and why may not theſe put the *Admiral* in Chains? *Prin's* Head muſt after his Ears, and the *Speaker's* Bags will ere long prove him a *Judas*. My Lord *Say's* white Powder is no longer ſilent and innocent, but muſt ſubmit to *Cromwel's* black. *Pembroke* may be Viſited, and *Mancheſter* Univerſitied. One is not Fool, and the other is not Fool enough to be ſecure. And indeed theſe are Saints in compariſon of *Cromwel's* Life-guard. *Hammond* is a Chriſtian, compared with *Rolf*. The Head-quarters

ters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctorum*: The Souldiers are not good enough for Gibbets, in their Reformation the Gallows is under Perſecution, and *Tiburn* ſuffers Martyrdom. Not one of *Peters* his 1500 Saints, but may with St. *Francis*, give place to the Devil. If theſe propagate the Goſpel, it muſt be as the Painter finiſhed his Picture by defacing it, when the Sponge did the Work of his Pencil. To hope for Reformation from Levellers, is to gape for the Miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect beauty from a Negro. *Agitators* are as good Phyſick for a ſick Church or State, as Chips of the Gallows are for the Ague. There is not a Souldier but changes his Religion as often as his Shirt, that being ſooner louſie than his Linnen. They void their Principles at every Sermon, nor do they go to Church, but to Stool. And well may they part with them ſo eaſily, ſince their Religion is no better than toaſted Cheeſe, every man is his own Cook, each Trooper, like a Knight of *Malta*, is both Prieſt and Souldier. Revelations are ſo common, that the Spirit is become a meer *Familiar*. You may be of all Religions, but the *Proteſtant*, as the *Pagans* worſhip all Gods but the true one. As if that Uniformity did not become the Church as well as Confuſion; and the Surplice were not as handſom as the Beggars Coat. *Roſiter* is *few* extraordinarily *circumciſed*, Root and Branch. *Martin's* Paradiſe is the ſame with *Mahomet's*, his Heaven is onely in a *Seraglio*. *Cromwel* may paſs for a

Pope,

Pope *Joan*, or the Whore of *Babylon*, and differs onely thus much from a *Papiſt*; they torment themſelves, he other Folks. He believes in Merits ſo far, that he thinks he ſhall be ſaved by Villanies, and go to Heaven, like *Hercules* and *Theſeus* becauſe he hath been in Hell. Indeed all of them are Religious Mimmicks, devout Vizards, and if Sanctity be Snot or the Pox, and ſeated in the Noſe; they are as perfectly God's Apes, as the Devil is. Theſe zealous Pyramids always point at Heaven, as Fire, though in Hell, mounts upwards.

But they are Angels, onely that they may be Devils. A *Jew* cannot be a *Turk*, till he be a *Chriſtian*. They put on Religion to murther the King, as that damn'd *Monk* poiſoned the *Emperour* with the *Euchariſt*. They bring in Reformation, as the old Poets did their Gods, to conclude their Tragedy more eaſily. Bloudy Conſpiracies are always ſhrouded under Leagues. When a Maſſacre is intended, they Chime all in to *Sicilian Veſpers*. When they cry out *the Church! the Church!* they mean our Grave. What degrees of Miſery are flung upon us? After a Parliament comes an Army: Rods are turned into Scorpions. We have all theſe years been almoſt ridden to death by a Nightmare, and now muſt be tormented with Devils. Had we waked in time, we might have diſmounted that Load: But nothing now under a Miracle can diſpoſſeſs us of theſe Legions. Theſe *Turks* ſhall enjoy the *Holy Land*, while we poor *Jews* ſo-

journ

journ at home, and live Strangers in our own Countrey. They level others, but advance themſelves. Angels deſcend, but 'tis the Devil's Poſture to be raiſed up. All, who have kept their Innocency, muſt be ſtript; whileſt theſe Buff-Sinners ſtant it in Beaſt-Skins.

But *Cromwel* wants neither Wardrobe nor Armour: His Face wears natural Buff, and his Skin may furniſh him with a ruſty Coat of Mail. You would think he had been chriſtened in a Lime pit, and tanned alive, but that his Countenance ſtill continues Mangy. We cry out againſt Superſtition, and yet worſhip a piece of Wainſcot, and idolize an unblanched Almond. Certainly 'tis no humane Viſage, but the Emblem of a Mandrake, one ſcarce handſom enough to have been the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had ſhe whelp'd him when ſhe was a Bitch. His Soul too is as ugly as his Body; for who can expect a Jewel in the head of a Toad? Yet this Baſilisk would King it, and a Brewer's Horſe muſt be a Lion.

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and he ſhould claſh, for they are both Cubs of the ſame ugly Litter. This Urchin is as ill Carved as that Goblin Painted. The Grandam Bear ſure had bliſtered her Tongue, and ſo left him unlicked. He looks like a Snail with his Houſe upon his back, or the Spirit of the *Militia* with a Natural Snapſack, and may ſerve both for Tinker, and Budget too. Nature

intended him to play at Bowls, and therefore clapt a Bias upon him. His Mother longed for Pumpions. He was begotten in a Cupping-glaſs, and engendered in a Tod of Hay. Some Earthquake hath diſordered the Symmetry of the Microcoſm: Sunk one Mountain, and put up another. One would think a Mole had crept into his Carcaſe before 'tis laid in the Church-yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the viſible tie of *Æneas* boulſtring up his Father, or ſome Beggar-Woman endorſed with her whole Litter, and with child behind. You may take him for *Anti-Chriſtopher* with the Devil at his back. O that Knot-graſs ſhould purge the Kingdom! We muſt be ridden by a Camel, and reformed by the Sign of the Dolphin. You would think that he were levelled ſufficiently: But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the Wall, though it be built with a Buttreſs.

But *Harvey* is not ſo much for levelling the Men, as *Martin* the Women. Look to your *Jane Shores* you *Lumbard-ſtreet* men. He brings no Maiden-Troop: This is no Eunuch General. The Stallion is of ſo prodigious an Itch, you would think he had been gotten of *Lot*'s Wife, after ſhe was turned into a Pillar of Salt. He is the Bane of *Guiacum*, and the Deſpair of Syringes. So excellent gifted for a Conventicle, that he will edifie you out of *Cornelius* his Tub. Are the Godly Ones like Sacrifices, never accepted till they are burnt?

Is

Is there no way to deſtroy the Whore of *Babylon*, but by a Town-Bull? Strange, that none of the *Luthers* can Reform without Nuns! Dr. *Burgeſs*, forſooth, muſt have his *Hagar*. And *Peters* cannot propagate the Goſpel without Marrowbones, without the help of Lamb-ſtones, and the Butcher's Wife.

Martin is not ſo great a Sinner againſt one Commandment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will out-throw him half a Bar at another. One you would take for *Aretine*'s Pictures moraliſed, the other for the Covenant incarnate. *Martin* for a *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, and *Pembroke* for a *Knight of the Poſt*. This *Hercules* inſtead of a Worthy, is nothing but an adverb of Swearing. He ſwallows the Covenant as eaſily as an ordinary *Dam-me*. This Landskip, this Map of Nobility differs as much from a true *Brittain* as a *Mountgomery* Beacon from a Star, or a *Welch* Leek from Saint *David*. Yet rather than not be famous for ſomewhat, he will murther the Univerſities, like that Villain, who burnt *Diana*'s Temple to get himſelf a name. This is the ſecond Part of *Mancheſter* to the ſame Tune, *Kimbolton* of the Second Edition. One made the Kingdom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a roaſted Pig. He carries a dull foggy Ignorance about him, would blind the Kingdom, though it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an Univerſity than Monkies in a Glaſs-ſhop. He would make an excellent Chancellour for the *Mews*, or were *Oxford* turned into a Kennel of Hounds, and

the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Jowlers*. His own Houſe is an Academy for Hawks and Spaniels, and an Hoſpital for many Cures, Glanders, and the Faſhions. This *Nero* keeps a Wilderneſs at home, and is ſo much given to his bruitiſh Society, that you would take him for *Nebuchadnezzar* turned Beaſt. *Oldſworth* is his Crony, becauſe his four-legged Animal. For what are *Michael* and his Lordſhip, but a blind Man and his Dog? And any kind of Creatures would make as good Subjects as ſuch Earls. Some Dogs ſcorn *Cromwel*'s health, and will not eat, but for King *Charles*. Though Parrots may be taught Allegiance, and Crows have been ſtoried Royaliſts and Linguiſts too, the blind Whelp hath not docility enough to know his Maſter. Yet ſhall he be the Peoples Idol too, and a reprobate *Welch* Goat one of the Elect, though he is not ſo much a Chriſtian as the Thorn at *Glaſtenbury*.

But why may not my Lord Billet in Heaven, as well as *Will. Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a Paradiſe rather than make a Saint of the Man in the Moon? Indeed for theſe that change Religion every Year, the fitteſt Goſpel is an *Almanack*. But who would take theſe Star-gazers for the *Wiſe men*? Well, Wiſe men they muſt be; but the Queſtion is, Whether of *Greece* or of *Gotham*? O the Infallibility of *Erra Pater*, *Lilly*! The Wizard, perhaps, might do much at Hotcockles, and gheſs well at Blind-man's Buff. But I durſt undertake to poſe him

him with a Riddle, and ſtand his Intelligence in a Dog in a Wheel. An over-turned Salt is a ſurer Prophet. The Sieve and Shears are Oracles to him. A whining Pig ſees farther into a Storm. Rats will prognoſticate the Ruine of a Kingdom with more certainty. And as for Palmeſtry, a Gypſie, or *Derrick* may be his Tutor. The Wittal is cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old Witch, who, being conſulted to diſcover a Thief, could not ſmell out who had ſhit at her own door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling things paſt, and calculates the *Deputie's* Nativity after he is beheaded. And then by ſtarting a Propheſie, he excites the credulous Vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Cromwel's* ſwift Malice, depoſe the King five years before hand, and inſtruct *Rolf* how to be damned. Impious Villains! to make the Spheres like the Aſſociated Counties, and the Heavenly Houſes ſo many Lower Houſes, fix a guilt upon the Stars, and perſuade the Planets are Rebels. As if there were a Sequeſtration-Star, or any Conſtellation looked like a Committee. Away with your Bulls and Bears! ſhould we be ſubject to their Influence, each Conſtellation would make a Man a Beaſt, every Planet a wandering *Jew*. What fit Inſtruments are Aſtrologers for Rebels? Heaven as well as *Pauls* is made a Stable. Their Propheſies are, like Pictures, commendable, becauſe they look every way. They are calculated for every Meridian, and are as much truth to the *Turk* as the

States.

States. They are all born under *Gemini*, every Prediction is a Twin. Oracles muſt ſtill ſpeak double: Sure the Devil is always drunk, or treats with his Foot, or the Serpent muſt have his Tongue cleft too. *Lilly* has chriſten'd himſelf an Ape of Hell: *Merlinus Anglicus* is nothing, but an *Engliſh Devil.* He might ken all *Phænomenas* upon Earth better, would he for prey, like the Kite, deſcend. What are all our New Lights, but ſo many prodigious Meteors, exalted perhaps from Dunghils, admired a while for Stars, and are found onely ſlime and Gelly? *Cromwel's* Noſe is a Comet in grain, and the Grand *Eclipſe*, certainly is no *Common-Council.*

If the *Londoners* by this time have not enough of *Parliament*, may they ſtill fight with Images, and adore a Repreſentative; ſtill quarrel with Superſtition, and worſhip the Hoſt of Heaven. They will perceive at laſt what kind of Phyſick is Reformation, and being drunk once a Moneth. Sure all the Women in the City are with Child by *Martin*, and ſo longed for Levellers. For were Altars Plea enough to offer up the Biſhops? Muſt *Abel* ſtill ſuffer for his Sacrifice? Sure his *Holineſs* was the Pope, and Juſtice on *Prin's* Ears a piece of *Auricular Confeſſion.* Their *Deputy*, forſooth, hath made away their Churches, and was executed like the poor Aſs for drinking up the Town Moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine Reformers! So may your *Conduit*

duit Knight vanquiſh his *Idol-Grove*? So may the *George* on Horſe-back ſubdue the *Green Dragon*, and after all their Victorious Gambols, both Man and Horſe become Reformers Laureat. But what have you got for your *No Plum Pottage*? Nay, what hath all your Plate got you, but Ironſides? Examine all your Preſſures that contain Pluralities of Monopolies. Patents for Rags are not ſo rank, as Exciſe for Turds. The Dunghil is ſweeter than the Jakes and *Atkins*. Since the offended Souldiers were your Maſters, the *Livery-men* walk as if they ran the Gauntlet. Now the City is turned Delinquent, what doth the *Lord Mayor* but ride the Horſe? And what are the *Aldermen* but ordinary *Red-coats*? Thus the Parliament, like the *Spaniards* fatal Room, inſtead of Treaſure hath coined Deſtruction and Invaſion. Like ſilly Mariners, you have adored that *Pharos* for a Star, and ſo ſplit your ſelves on your Security.

But the States have redeemed all by their Treaty: Yet that was but a Death bed Repentance, they laid down their Commiſſion juſt before they were to be caſhiered. The *Turks* impriſoned their Emperour or King: *Turks* are Reformers, or Reformers *Turks*. But *CHARLES* muſt ſuffer more than one ſingle-Perſon can inflict: Levellers heat the Fire ſeven times hotter. No Mercy, no Act of Oblivion; they can admit of any thing from Hell but *Lethe*. Theſe *Medes* and *Perſians* are unalterable;

alterable; *Daniel* muſt to the Lion's Den, *Hurſt-Caſtle*. What can ſucceed the Dungeon but Execution? What can a King expect but Death, who is already buried alive? The next Enlargement tranſlates him out of the World. *Cæſar*'s Tragedy is beſt preſented in the Senate. *Weſtminſter* (alas!) is the ready way to the Tombs.

Cromwel muſt triumph with the Axe before him, though that, as of old, ſhould properly be directed to the Conquerour. *Lilly* can prognoſticate no fair Weather till the Sun ſet Red. The Queen muſt ſubmit to Mother *Shipton*, and *CHARLES* be murthered to fulfil old Prophecies. Thus ſtill Rebellion is the Sin of Witchcraft. The King can never pleaſe them, till he looks, as in his Coin (their Idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an Offering for their *Molock* Reformation. They build up Scaffolds (the Devil's Altars) and ſacrifice Men for pure innocent Ones. They cry out againſt Idolatry, and yet are *Cannibals* in Superſtition. As the Covenant was ſealed from the *Biſhops* Veins, ſo Levelling muſt be ratified by the *Bloud Royal*. The *Presbyter*, of the two, proved the gentler Thief, and differed from the Independent, as a Tinker from his more Savage Trull: One ſtripped and bound the King, that the other might cut his Throat. One ſilenced the Bells of his Nativity, and the other made them ring out for his Funeral. Both are guilty of his Bloud, onely this

Pilate

Pilate would wash his hands. Presbytery made him an Anchorite, and Independency a Martyr. This kills *CHARLES*, and that the King. To prepare the Axe, is little better then to give the Blow.

Now we see what 'tis to be made a GLORIOUS KING by Rebels; what the Devil's Landskip means, when it promises all the Kingdoms of the Earth. In the Trial, as at the General Doomsday, all appear naked. Now there is none disguised, but by *Gray*, or the Hangman. Henceforth take heed of Vizards, though never so holy. Murthers are best committed in Masquerade. But yet all their Slaughters are Expiations, and their Hands are the whiter for being washed in Bloud. They must be thought *Isaacks* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Israelites*, but those that have the Bloud of their *Moses* on their Doors. Thus they can sin, and yet preserve their Saintships. As *Mahomet*'s Paradise is both a Brothelhouse and a Nunnery; his Virgins whore it, and yet continue *Vestals*; are Heavenly Bawds, and yet may lead Apes in Hell. We perceive at last, why Plays went down; to wit, that Murthers might be acted in earnest. Stages must submit to Scaffolds, and personated Tragedies to real Ones. Mock-shews of Cruelty are but poor Feasts to their flesh'd Appetites. Leeches will suck no Pictures. They hate all Images and

Fables, but muſt murther the King in ſincerity and truth. No need of heightning Revels; theſe *Herods* can behead without the allurements of a Dance. Theſe Tragedians have out-vied Invention, and acted what Monſters in their moſt monſtrous wiſhes could hardly reach. The Head and Members have but one Neck; our compendious *Caligula's* have diſpatch'd not onely the King, but the Kingdom too, at a Blow.

'Tis the Thiefs beſt play to kill the Judge; and great Robberies are ſeldom committed without Bloud. Or elſe what Wolves, but would have tended ſuch a *Romulus*? Such an *Elias*, what ominous Ravens but would have fed? A Prince! whoſe goodneſs might rather fear Idolatry than Injury; deſerved rather to be prayed to, than condemned, made a Saint, than murthered. A Prince! whoſe Merits were ſo far above all Flatteries, that the oilieſt Courtier was as ſcandalous as *Peters*; and *Encomiums* defam'd as much, as that *Rabſhekah* of *No more Addreſſes*. His Sight, his Wiſdom was at firſt eclipſed, but the Cloud only made his Influence prove Lightning, and whom he could not illuminate, at laſt he ſcared into a Belief. But yet he ſtill ſhewed more of the Dove than the Serpent, and 'twas the want of Gall, that made him loſe his Head. When Waſps and Hornets uſurp the Hive, the Royal Bee ſuffers, becauſe without a Sting. They turned Wolves becauſe the Lion was a Lamb. All his Tyranny was not to

ſtay,

ſtay, but have his Throat cut. And he now muſt bleed for not bleeding ſeven years before. Tumults forced him hence, and the laſt great Tumult murthered him.

Thus, thus he dies, a Prince whoſe Innocence had taught Poiſon Allegiance, made Piſtols Royaliſts, and kept *Rolf* from being curs'd. A Prince for whom *Hotham* was a Martyr, *Brown* a Priſoner, and *Shimei Prin* undertook a Vindication. *Hammond* at laſt becomes a Captive to his Charge. The good Apoſtle converts his Gaoler. He diſarms the Rebels even with his Fetters, and like the hand of Providence, is then moſt powerful, when it is thought moſt weak. He ſubdues, as if the Caſtle were not his Priſon, but his Fort. 'Tis a queſtion whether he was more miraculous for curing Diſloyalty or the Evil. *Hammond*'s blindneſs was as deſperate, as the *Womans*. He diſpoſſeſſes ſo faſt, *Cromwel* can ſcarce find Devils enough to bait the Exorciſt. Let the Vipers but kiſs his hand, and they are Innocent. Had *Bradſhaw* that condemn'd him, been longer on the Bench, or ſingle, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the Captive *Ark*. But oh! At the Scaffold he engroſſes Miracles. There he Chriſtens by wholeſale. That one Blow ſlew more Rebels than all theſe ſeven years. Our *Sampſon*, though ſhaved both Hair and Head away, killed more *Philiſtins* at his Death, than all his Life time. Now they would ſwear Fealty to his Trunk, and Homage

Homage to a dipt Handkerchief. They adore his very Ghoſt, and will attone their Rebellion by being Subjects, now there is no King. And who cannot continue Loyal to ſuch a King that dies for the Sins and Safety of his People? Who would refuſe to be his Subjects, who is their Martyr? He acted a Chriſtian better than moſt Divines can deſcribe one; and bled Doctrines freelier than they can ſpeak them. He ſhewed Graces the Schoolmen ſcarce ever heard of. We might edifie more from the Scaffold in one hour, than from the Pulpit in an Age. His Paſſion was greater than all Queen *Maries* days, and he ſuffered more than the whole *Book of Martyrs*.

THE END.

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